

SPEECHES OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Among the books long promised, there has been one more inquired after than the *Speeches of Wendell Phillips*. The circumstances which delayed its publication are of little consequence now; the fact that it has appeared at this time seems providential. Had these few words, and the other peculiar utterances which appeared in any former edition, been published, they would have found fit audience and full circulation in a circle of disciples, and among a

sympathizer but they would not have sympathy among the people. Nothing less than the "Revolutionary" Rebellion could prepare the way for our national reception. That the war has been rapid and irresistible instruction, one has to compare our present political policy with this of our grand ideals. Only a very short time ago Phillips was held by the stump-orator class in multitudinous followers, to have wholly acceptable opinions; now they are adopted in political proclamations, and are organizing victories though few heeded his daring and enduring traditions of the great sin of the age, while the appearance of peace was possible, yet when the truth arose in arms against Liberty, men renewed and more and more kindly his devotion to the cause.

recognized as the prophet of the time. He prophesied to a disbelieving, and even a deriding generation; but the time has at length come when the prophets as well as the scoffers of the truths which he promulgated are getting to be regarded as traitors. It shows a marvelous revolution in political sentiment, and it is one that will not go backward. Because the government is advancing—and advancing because it has ventured to follow the directions of the imperial reformer. Such is the high position which Mr. Phillips now holds in the councils of

erty. Although these speeches are unrivalled in beauty and affluence of illustration, and in epigrammatic burn deeper and mark more ignominiously than any burning iron, it is their forming and guiding influence which gives them that immortal beauty which yet call forth the admiration and gratitude of a nation purified and preserved through such tremendous and terrible trial.

As a specimen of the publishing art, this volume is admirable. The engraving which fronts the title-page gives the features of the author in their fullness;—for the glance of friendship, or the glow of the great orator, we turn to memorabilia page.—*Taunton Union Gazette.*

The author of this volume has acquired a very large reputation as an orator. His speeches and lectures have been listened to by multitudes with pleasure, whether they have always agreed with his views. Many have felt and expressed a strong desire to have them in a permanent form, that they might refer to them for reference. But during the months that he has been before the public, this desire has been gratified till now.

The first speech he delivered that created a sensation was in Faneuil Hall, in 1837, on the murder of a man, when he was called upon to deliver a eulogy; on which occasion the venerated and venerable Dr. Channing, and George S. Hillard, Esq., gave him the addresses, in support of resolutions in condemnation of that outrage. This speech of Mr. Phillips was very appropriately the first in the volume.

I am glad, Sir, to see this crowded house. I am glad for us to be here. When Liberty is in danger, every Hall has the right, it is her duty, to stand up for these United States. I am glad, therefore, that remarks such as those to which I alluded have been uttered here. The passage of resolutions, in spite of this opposition, led by the Attorney General of the Commonwealth, will show more clearly, more decisively, the deep indignation with which Boston regards this outrage."

Some one has said that eloquence never came from Boston. There is truth in this remark; but wealth

This volume comes as near as any we have seen being an exception. The speeches here are artistic construction, and the author probably the slightest expectation, when he uttered them they would ever be given to the public in a permanent form. But we think the best judges will concede, that they are eminently adapted to the occasion, and must take their place in the permanent literature of that class to which they belong, of which Americans have so much reason to be proud.

Cambridge Chronicle.

We advise those who desire to have a correct understanding of the great questions of Freedom to buy, to purchase this book. We have been struck by the speeches of Phillips for near twenty years past, and at times we thought him most correct in his views, but the events of the past year have proved that it was only the most radical who had any just conception of the nature of the institution, which has sought the life of our country, and astonished the world by its atrocities. This book is filled with the grandest thoughts that have ever occupied the human mind, dressed in a style that is as beautiful as the most precious gems that have passed, if, equalled, either in elegance or force, the language of any orator of this or any previous age; and what is more, it is of peculiar interest to every progressive man.

We hope soon to notice more at length the history of the volume containing the speeches and writings of Mr. Wendell Phillips, together with that remarkable movement in the public mind of which they are the finest representative. As literature, it is distinguished by general acknowledgment the very best example we have of forensic oratory,—in thought clear, in keen and ready wit, in style polished

As historic documents, they are the living record of some of the most marked phases in our life and in the temper of the popular mind during ranging over five and twenty years. But their interest in either regard is subordinate to their peculiar value, as examples of the highest of moral truth, and the intensest moral conviction ought to bear, with courage perfectly unflinching, the absolute consistency of aim, upon the discussion of the most momentous, disputed, and difficult question at the bar of the general conscience. Not more than a consciousness of perfect fidelity to the aim would excuse the tone of severity and the fierceness of personal attack painfully frequent in the pages of that temper, approaching to bitterness.

to all from which men and things are dealt with on the strict line of right as conceived by Mr. Phillips. Personally, he is as we know, in the highest degree courteous and magnanimous to his opponent. And the asperity of tone that is one of these "Cassandra prophesyings" (as they are called), with the trying position into which he places the utterer of them towards large portions of the community, we have regarded rather in the light of a sacrifice exacted by a certain scrupulous sense of duty, than as the trick of a debater, or the grossest habit of a self-appointed critic. When we are told that his asperities and arguments shall have been done down by time, we are sure that no record of the period of controversy will be reckoned more likely to be a faithful, vivid, — *Chatham Review*.

RECRUITING IN THE SOUTH.

Within the lines of our armies are many thousands of men, healthy, strong, and unemployed. Beyond these, but within our reach, are a hundred thousand more who are unwillingly labor for the support of the rebellion. The Government is prepared to arm these men, and to use them where they can do much for themselves and the country.

But the system of recruiting for the regular army is slow, and the system of recruiting for the militia is slow.

The deficiencies of this service it is proposed to remedy by agencies established by the contributions of patriots. These agencies will be solely for co-operation with the government for the more rapid advancement of recruiting service ; for obtaining acclimated men from the army by the use of such means as they may desire to offer themselves to the Government. The committee will undertake nothing which is not sanctioned by the Commanders of Departments, by the laws of Congress, by the laws of war, and by the laws of the land.

The undersigned have been appointed by a larger committee to solicit subscriptions for this object, and they request that those who will take part in forwarding it shall send their contributions to Mr. J. M. Thompson, B. H. Gray,

In their contributions to MR. RICHARD F. BARNOW
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Boston, Sept. 7, 1863.

Sept. 1. 1900, Cincinnati, Ohio, 2 males.

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Poetry.

AMERICAN SLAVERY.

DEDICATED TO UNION MEN.

Wipe out the blot! Wipe out the blot!
 Jehovah's sword is flaming high!
 Wipe out the blot! Out out the blot!
 In its own venom let it die!

It is the scorpion fire by fire;
 Self-kindled are the flames that spread;
 In its own ire let it expire,
 Its own sting racking in its head!

Wipe out the spot! Wipe out the spot!
 The patriarchal, horrid thing!
 For him be not a freeman's lot
 Who'd back to life the monster bring.

On to the long predestined end,
 The march of time is moving now;
 As sweeps the surge events converge
 To rend the veil from Freedom's brow.

Wipe out the spot! Wipe out the blot!
 The only stain our banner shows:
 O! who has not bewailed the blot
 That heaped on us the bondage's throes!

We stand for all our country's laws;
 But now that they have rent the chain,
 Who backward draws from Freedom's cause,
 Let him not rank with men again!

The worm that eats the root is found;
 The surgeon's knife is at the sore;
 Shall health abound? The tree grow sound?
 Or, conscious, wither as before?

It is for life and cure the tale
 To sound to ages yet to come;
 Shall fends prevail? Shall Heaven fall?
 The answer leaps o'er from the dumb.

The cancer dries the vital flow
 While one polluting root remains;
 And even so, no healthful glow
 Can spread where Slavery clogs the veins.

Behold the curse! Its dop-rate hands
 Are shaking now the sacred base
 Where Freedom stands with clenched hands,
 And sinews strained, to save her race.

Let no man fear! Our Eagle yet
 Will cleave the clouds and ride the wind:
 Though Slavery fret, its star be set—
 His flight shall leave that night behind!

Still brighter smiles shall dawn the soil
 Where sugar, rice, and cotton grow,
 And freedom's toil shall know no foil,
 Though black or white his color show.

Wipe out the blot! Wipe out the spot!
 Jehovah's sword is flaming high!
 Wipe out the blot! Out out the blot!
 In its own venom let it die!

New York, August 22, 1863.
 N. Y. Evening Post.

SUMMER!

Summer! Summer! How I wonder
 If 'tis true, and no delusion!
 Summer! Summer! Summer! Summer!
 O'er the land and o'er the ocean!

Let it sweep in grand procession
 Up the rivers to their fountains,
 O'er the valleys, prairies, mountains,
 O'er the plains and deserts glowing,
 O'er the rivers and the ocean!

Down where tropic flames are blowing,
 Down bright streams to sunset glowing,
 Till from ocean come the waves,
 Sweeps the rapturous commotion—
 Sweeps the mighty ocean—
 O'er a great triumphant nation,
 And with twenty million voices
 Half a continent rejoices
 O'er the sun and glorious token
 That Rebellion's power is broken!

Summer! Summer! God is holy!
 God, who leans the poor and lowly—
 Heeds not sinners, nor the lowly—
 From his heavenly habitation
 Saw our sin and tribulation!

Heard our wailing supplication,
 Sent us peace and salvation!
 Blessed be God's name forever!
 Let the golden gates be open!
 Let the swelling, bursting ocean
 Fill the opal empyrean!
 Let the adamant arches
 Tremble as the anthem marches
 Up the everlasting river,
 Up to God, the glorious giver,
 God, almighty to deliver!

Let the harp-tongues leap and quiver!
 Let the crystal columns shiver!
 Let all earth, all heaven exult!
 Blessed be God's name forever!

Never, never, never, never,
 Shall another slave-dominion
 Stretch o'er earth its midnight pinion!
 Hear, O earth, through all its battle,
 Hear thy broken fetters rattle!
 Shout, O earth! Sing, child and mother!
 Wife and husband, lover and brother,
 Through this land and over the nations,
 Shout and sing, through all the nations,
 Through all human habitations!

For, though ours the tears and slaughter,
 Ours the brave blood poured like water,
 Ours the shame, the sin, the sorrow,
 Yours shall be the golden morn!
 Yours with us, though round us closing,
 Banded tyrants stand opposing;
 God's great hand, o'er all disposing,
 Still all good shall save and cherish,
 Till all evil fall and perish.

—N. Y. Tribune.

GEO. LANSING TAYLOR.

The following tribute to Thoreau, by Miss Louisa M. Alcott, of Concord, (Mass.) is in the finest vein of the old English poets.

THOREAU'S FLUTE.

He, sighing, said, "Our Pan is dead;
 His pipe hangs mute beside the river;
 And that wild music never quiver,
 But Maud's airy voice is fled.

Spring morns as for untimely frost;
 The bluebird chants a requiem;
 The willow-blossom waits for him—
 The Genius of the wood is lost.

Then from the fute, unheeded by hands,
 There came a low, harmonious breath:
 'For such as he is there is no death—
 His life 's eternal life commands;
 Above man's aims his nature rose,
 The wisdom of a just content
 Made one small spot a continent,
 And turned to poetry life's prose.'

Haunting the hills, the stream, the wild,
 Swallow and aster, lake and pine,
 To him grew human or divine,
 Fit mate for this large-hearted child.

And yearly on the cornfield
 'Neath which her darling lieid hid,
 Will write his name in violets.

To him no vain regrets belong,
 Whose soul, that finer instrument,
 Gave to the world her sweetest song,
 But wood-notes ever sweet and strong,
 O lonely friend! He still will be
 A potent presence, though unseen—
 Steadfast, sagacious, and serene—
 Seek not for him—he is with thee.

September Atlantic.

The Liberator.

THE FUTURE OF THE FREED PEOPLE.

No. IV.

BY REV. JAMES A. THORE.

Believing, as we do, that this most degraded of peoples has been endowed with mental qualities which, under due culture and encouragement, will win for them an enviable rank among mankind, and contribute a noble nationality to the world, we cannot doubt that Divine goodness will yet bestow on the human brotherhood this rich donation of a type of man, peculiar, and, peradventure, pre-eminent. The whole human family, every kindred, people and tongue, destined to a realization of the primal unity of mankind, has an interest in the development and elevation of the multitudinous negro race. If the other continents have conspired to plunder Africa of her children, and keep her a terra incognita, may we not trust that the Lord is preparing for Africa the sweet revenge of enriching the western nations with proofs of a superior mold of manhood? This, surely, would be godlike. We presume not, however, to forecast the methods of the All-wise; but we do confidently commit the future of the freed people "unto Him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think."

"For this cause we bow our knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant unto us, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his spirit in the inner man; that they may be able to comprehend, with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that they may be filled with all the fullness of God."

What, then, do we see, looking into the future, from the standpoint we now occupy? We see the love of God, with justice on one side and mercy on the other, lifting up the downcast, dignifying the despised, clothing with the attributes of manhood the merchantable chattel. We see the long-suffering patience of the Lord vindicating its silence, and crowning its processes of discipline with the rich results of a ripened race, who shall be the glory, as they have been the shame, of mankind. Already God has opened the highway of advancement to the freed people, and what earthly power can close it? "Behold, I have set before them an open door, and no man can shut it. Behold, I will make them of the synagogue of Satan, which say they are Jews, and are not, but do lie; behold, I will make them to come and worship before thy feet, and to know that I have loved thee."

B. T. J.

N. Y. Evening Post.

The ability of the American people, of the government of the churches, of the good, the learned, the opulent, is immeasurable; and the obligations are no less. By all the injuries we have inflicted on them in their enslavement; by all the robberies we have perpetrated on their bodies and souls, their persons and property; by all the blood-bought spiritual blessings we have withheld from them; by all the acknowledged civil birthrights we have denied them; by all the chains, stripes, and mutilations, and tortures, even unto death, we have visited upon them; by all the wrongs we have done to them, we are implicated, we may measure the extent of our obligation to their benefactors hereafter. The vast national debt we are accumulating, by means of the civil war, is trivial compared with the moral debt we have been rolling up, through all our history, by our oppressions of the negroes. These are sacred bonds, which cannot be repudiated, nor indefinitely postponed. Almighty justice holds us to their discharge, and the time has come to make first payments. And is not God preparing us, by the sobering discipline of our national struggle, to meet these maturing obligations? Is he not humbling the hearts of the people, changing their feelings, softening their prejudices, developing moral principle, enlisting humane sympathy, and so disposing the nation for the work his providence is devolving upon heart and hands, that it shall be performed, "not by constraint, but willingly, and of a ready mind?"

Is not the Holy Spirit rousing the energies of Christians, and concentrating their attention on these victims of their past neglect? Have God's people been "verily guilty concerning their brother, in that they saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought them, and they would not hear?" Ah, yes! And grievously are they now suffering the punishment of their sin, in the sacrifice of their young men on the bloody altars of war! All the churches are in mourning; every family apart! In all the land is there a "voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning." For the unutterable atrocities of slavery is the wrath of God upon us so fearfully. Yet will he not utterly consume us in his reprobation. For the righteous that are in the land, for those who have long sighed and cried over these abominations, who bear the mark of mercy in their foreheads, will the Lord spare the nation; and for the sake of these freed people, who need their help. In penitence, and devotion to the claims of these sable sufferers, will lie the remission of the plagues of Heaven on our guilty nation. The Lord is now calling his servants into the field his providence is so signally opening among the freed people. With a voice of authority and love he says: Enter this needy and promising field! Be co-workers with me in elevating these liberated captives!

He charges his people to devise liberal things for those poor, whose unpaid toil has made the nation rich; whose "sweat, blood and soul," have made the country strong. These uplifting services will the good God exact largely from the American people. He will tax the high and the low; he will lay the nation under tribute to further this great enterprise. Mighty men shall be nursing fathers, and honorable women shall be nursing mothers.

We cannot overestimate the results of such endeavors, when the tide of a contrite nation's good will shall set toward the freed people; when the masses shall be turned from injustice, oppression and prejudice, to pity and succor; when the leading minds, no longer confessing that they "feel no interest in the negro," shall glory rather in owning that they feel for him, as they know God does. What will be the fostering influence of the American churches, when their evangelical efforts, which have reached every quarter of the human world, and every distant settlement in our own country, shall be proportionally directed to these new objects, with a recognition of their paramount claims?

What will not earnest prayer accomplish for those who, in their bondage, were so generally neglected in the church prayer-meetings, monthly concerts, and sanctuary supplications, when they shall be rolled as a special burden on the hearts of the faithful as freedmen? While those intercessors, who have long pleaded in their behalf, and have prevailed against their chains, will be encouraged to pray for their growth in Christian manhood, the greater number, who have been, by late events, enlisted in the cause of the negro, will remember him at the Throne of Grace. Already he has a place in the daily prayer-meeting, from which he was formerly excluded, and in the devotions of worshipping assemblies, which, not long ago, would not have tolerated prayer for the oppressed. Aye, God is waking his saints, his priestly people, to bear this cause before the Throne of Grace. This is, in the highest degree, hopeful. Great blessings overhang those for whom the Holy Spirit moves the elect to cry unto God, day and night. We are persuaded that there is no subject which now engages the applications of the righteous so abundantly as the future of the freed people. We confidently expect abundant answers. As an aged contraband, bowed with the burdens of ninety-five years of slavery, recently said, in

a school examination, at Memphis, "Do Lord has let down de window of heaven for our salvation."

What will not a chastened patriotism, tried in the fires of civil war, do when it shall be seen that the future prosperity of the country is conditioned on the just and generous treatment of the negro?

What will not the spirit of missions and of revivals undertake and achieve for these hungering and thirsting souls, for whom, hitherto, "no man has cared?"

What will not pious teachers, in the spirit of self-denial, do for the enlightenment of these untutored beings, by patiently teaching them to read the Bible, that "precious treasure" which even Christian masters have withheld? What will not the civilizing forces of the country do for these apt, imitative, and ever-ready learners? What will not the laboring classes do, when, dismissing their ungoverned antipathies, they admit the freedmen to the competitions of honest industry, and set them on a footing of self-support?

What will not the women of America, the matrons, the housekeepers, the cultivated women do, when, "conquering their prejudices," they condescend to instruct the negroes, liberated from the cotton-field, "the shovel and the hoe," in the domestic arts, and to introduce these victims of indiscriminate concubinage to the purities of lawful wedlock? What will not the devotees of the liberal arts do to quicken and foster the native genius of this gifted race? The future of our freed people grows so many, when we view it as the resultant of so many co-operating agencies. It is dependent on our good-will, on our liberality, on our magnanimity. What will it not be, if we come forward nobly, and meet our obligations in full—if we cease our good works to abound over our past evil treatment? Bright must be the future of a people so befriended. Limits can scarcely be assigned to the improvement of a capable race who, leaning forward to the echo of their falling shackles, commence the onward march under the lead of a free Christian people. The sympathies and enthusiasms inherent in the American heart, employing the rich resources of the land, will work all but miracles in so humane a cause as the elevation of down-trodden millions.

Thus have we, from three several stand-points, regarded the future of the freed people. We have believed that in no other way is it possible to attain to satisfactory apprehensions on this question, which so profoundly interests the American people just now. It was frivolous to speculate, without any guiding principles, on what is to become of the negroes, when friendly shall be no more? It was fruitless, however friendly the intention, to assert, dogmatically, that they are destined to coexist with the whites in this country for generations to come. We may have to infer this, logically, from the incontrovertible principles which overshadow the future of the freed people. It were hardly less than presumption to predetermine, as too many have done, to do, the removal of the liberated blacks from the soil, on any assumption of incompatibility, or what not. We would humbly commit to the hands of the Almighty Providence the disposal of this perplexing problem.

In our discussion we have purposely avoided the impertinent adventuring of any conjectures touching sundry details which a vain curiosity would pry into. Prophecies, and principles, and providences, are ours to study, apply, and interpret; but "the secret things belong to the Lord our God."

During the thirty years of our warfare with the Slave Power, while we have not ceased to proclaim the duty, and safety, too, of immediate emancipation, we have disclaimed the possession of a wisdom adequate to shed any light on the sequences of emancipation. The old, standing question: "What will you do with the negroes after you get them free?" we have persistently declined to answer. The outcry of AMALGAMATION we have not labored to silence. The bugbears of insurrection and irruption we have, indeed, tried to dispel, by reason and by ridicule, seeing they were and are essentially foolish. If any fears of these have lingered in the public mind, they must have been effectually dissolved by the uniformly peaceable and commendable conduct of the contrabands within our lines, and of the liberated slaves in the District of Columbia. We have ample pledges, in the good behavior and industry of the hundred thousand freed people, that personal liberty may be safely extended to all the enslaved.

Brethren and fellow-countrymen! Providence has committed to us a great work. It is to lift up the prostrate sons of Ethiopia; to arouse their dormant powers, to put sight into their seared eyes, to clothe their bare being with the habiliments of a well-furnished manhood. It is to evoke the capabilities of a mysterious race; to encourage those, whom centuries of wrong have depressed, to start in the forward race; it is to make a people out of cattle, a power out of nothing; to demonstrate their humanity, and our own. No age has furnished such a task; no people have enjoyed such a chance to vindicate humanity. Coming ages look down upon us. Ancient seers charge us to verify their predictions. Ethiopia waits on our ministrations. War has battered down the brazen gates of oppression, and laid open the Field. Presidential utterances have cleared the way before us. God utters his voice, summons his volunteers, calls for co-workers. ALMIGHTY PROVIDENCE CARES FOR THE NEGRO. Who of us will be goliath?

We have a present, urgent task, a humble one, a hard one—to minister to the necessities of the freedmen. But to do this wisely and well, we must have just first aims. Adequate conceptions of the ultimate future of the freed people must give us inspiration and direction in the self-denying labors which their intermediate future is about to develop upon them. Cry now for help in their sore need, for supplies in their sheer destitution, for light in their deep darkness. They have nothing save freedom! They are nothing but men. Body and soul—nothing else! It doth not yet appear what they shall be. We have, however, the sure word of prophecy illuminating their future. Let us take that light as we go down to their low estate. Let us bear in mind what manner of persons they are destined to become, that we may properly esteem and worthily serve them in this time of their humiliation. In the opening field among the freed people lies the main mission of American Christians hereafter; and in the faithful performance of this mission lies the safety and weal of our nation, from this time forward. We cannot get rid of these duties by getting rid of the negroes. If this were practicable, it would be criminal, shameful, ruinous. If they were industrially expedient to alienate this trained labor-force, it would be forbidden by every consideration of piety and humanity. The freed people are bound to us, and we to them, by hooks of steel. The question is not, Do we need their help? But, Do they need our help? We have hitherto held them to service, and would not let them go; now they hold us to service, and God will not let us off. Think of their unpaid toil for the American people during scores of years! Their exerted labor has supplied us with cotton, hemp, sugar, rice, turpentine, tobacco, for consumption and commerce. They have earned wealth for the whites, while they have been penniless; "as poor, yet making many rich." They have kept no book account with us, but "their angels" have. Long scores are down against us. Pay-day is coming! We must wipe out these scores. We must make this poor people rich as they have made us; not by becoming, in turn, their bondmen, but their benefactors. Their claims are Heaven's calls. The voice of this people is the voice of God to us. We have not to be destroyed by the rebellion, for we have a debt to pay, a duty to perform, to help the freedman achieve his destiny; to prepare him to glorify God. Because Ethiopia lives, we shall live also. Because her children among us have a future, we shall have a future. In exalting them, we shall magnify ourselves. In securing their liberties, we shall fortify our own. Thus doing, we may hope that when their star mounts, our star will not sink. Thus acquitting ourselves, we may trust that when Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands unto God, we shall stretch out our hands also, in emulous offerings and concordant praise.

A CHAT WITH A FUGITIVE.

This morning, I opened my eyes on the sunshine—a sight rare enough in old Massachusetts, of late, to make me rise with unalloyed alacrity.

"I'm dreadful glad you've come back, James; you've been gone so long, the weeds have grown up taller than the flowers."

"It's allers so, ma'am, in these rich gardens when it rains so. I can work for ye to-day, as well as not."

On the matter of his absence, he evidently meant to "keep himself to himself."

James, the colored man of all work, of our neighbor Dr. Harding, across the garden, had disappeared early in the morning of the day following the Cooper street riot in Boston. The night before, he asked Dr. Harding if he had not been drafted—saying, "They told me a colored man was drafted in town." "Oh, no, you are not drafted," was the reply; "I heard all the names read, and yours was not among them." He then asked for his month's wages, saying, "I want to go into town, and investigate it in the morning." Night came, and next night, but no James. We grew anxious.

"He had not heard of the riot when he went off," said the doctor's wife, speculatively; "I think he went into Boston, and got frightened, and hid himself somewhere, he is so timid; or somebody scared him about the draft here. I've been up in his room, and I didn't see anything of the kind. He always has a rumpled head, that seems to be so much company for him; it may be he has gone among his Quaker friends, down to Maine, or somewhere." So, trusting he was at some safe station on the Underground Railroad, waiting till order was restored, and the negro man and woman and harmless child might again walk the streets of our Northern cities, protected by the majesty of the law, we rested; and the weeds grew, while more than two weeks went by. I put my head out of the window. "How do you do, James?" I was glad to see you back. Where have you been all this time?

"O, I went over to Lynn to see some friends. I felt sick in here," putting his hand on his stomach, "before I went away; and when I got over there, I found I must stop, and take some medicine. So they doctored me up."

I have often seen the man in the garden since my return, and have been the recipient of many polite inquiries for my health. I determined to have some talk with him to-day; so I began to open the way at the breakfast table.

"I mean to pick the currants for jelly, this morning; but wait till the sun is low, only to be caught by a shower, as I was yesterday."

"You can't—it is going to rain again. Don't you see how dark it is?" "This such kitchen weather lately, there is no chance to do anything out doors. The weather has n't behaved decently the last six weeks; it's a wonder where so much rain comes from. I went out to the grape-ry the other day, and it poured down so I could not get in for two hours. You needn't think of picking currants to-day."

"But, aunt, the jelly must be made. People tell me it is growing late for currants; they won't 'jelly well,' if the currants are too old."

"Nonsense, child! I always let my currants hang on the bushes till they are dead ripe; and my jelly is good enough for anybody."

"Is the grass much wet from last night's rain?" "My aunt keeps up old-fashioned habits."

"Of the lawn she brushed the early dew," will be a testimonial peculiarly grateful to her spirit, when the time for this testimonial shall arrive—"O, king, live forever!" and she answered briskly, "No, child, the wind blows so hard, 'tis almost dry, now."

So, after breakfast, I put on my hat, took a tin pail, and went into the garden, where James had already made a terrible onslaught on the weeds in the strawberry bed. As I passed under the arbor, a vine of the Hartford Profusion bristled its heavy clusters across my forehead. It seemed, even in early June, as if those vines never would open their spicy blossoms to the air.

"We shan't have any open air grapes this year, unless we have late frosts," said James.

"Do late frosts ripen the grapes, aunt?" "You know what I mean, child!"

The clusters seem to have grown miraculously in the sultry weather. I stopped to admire their green translucence.

"It seems as if grapes was prettier to look at when they're grown out doors than when they're under glass," said James.

"So the oriole, swinging on that willow bough, is pleasanter to the eyes than the canary in the cage," I added, giving free expression to the sense of the beauty of freedom in all things working in the soul that had known the crampings of bondage.

"What did you think of the riots, James? Were you frightened much by them?"

"No, miss, I wasn't frightened of 'em." "Think I, now our folks will see what comes of lettin' the Catholics and the Jews have their own way in everything."

"Why, they're so deceitful, ye never can trust 'em; ye never know what they're about. I told our folks so in Boston ten years ago. 'They're snakes in the grass,' says I, 'and ye'll find it so, if ye don't look out; they'll rule our country, the whole of it, and they'll rule us, Yankees as well as colored people,' says I. 'Ye don't know 'em up here as I know 'em down in South Carolina,' says I, 'or ye wouldn't trust 'em.' They'll get all the power in their own hands, if ye don't look after 'em."

Here he fell to work cutting down the witch grass and clover on the borders of the walk with his hoe, spitefully, as if he saw in every blade and leaf the strong dark features of a Jew, or the fair, ruddy, much despised Celtic face of some Southern master.

Meanwhile, I picked industriously from the current bush under the bon-appetit tree, till I was finally moved to comfort him by the gift of a couple of red strawberries that had fallen early; mellow and toothsome, but not yet bursting the glowing rind with their mealy richness.

"Why do you think the Catholics got up the riots, James? The priests did their utmost to quell them."

"O, they're so deceitful, ye never can tell what they mean. The native Americans ain't half smart enough for 'em, and they're pretty smart, too. These foreigners allers wants to get the power into their own hands; its power, power, power they allers tries to get, and allers has tried to get everywhere. They own half the South, now, and they own the slaves, too. The Irish isn't poor as they is here: they is rich, the most on 'em, and the Dutch, and the German, and the Jews, and the French, and the Spanish, they all own slaves, and they're all alike. They ain't no sort of friends to the colored people; they all ways to keep 'em in bondage forever. They ain't like the Yankees, no how—I'd break my hand with a jerk from a nettle in the current bush—they baint no sort of friends with us. And they've all got friends over there in Europe, wadin' to come over, and get power, and manage everything. They'd keep us all in bondage; Yankees and cultured people, too. There's some of the Yankees ain't good friends to us, but there's more of 'em as is than there used to be."

I had been conscious of the sound of singing from a stable over the way; deep, strong, men's voices. The leading voice was a returned soldier. The words of the chorus rang out then clear and loud, on the morning air. "We're marching along, we're marching along." James did not appear to hear it; he went on:—"They say we'll all come up, and crowd into the North, if we're made free. Why, we don't want to come here; we'd rather stay at the South where our home is; that's our home, and we love it. I don't want to live up here. I'd go back to-day, if I could have my freedom; it's freedom I want."

"Your people have 'done wondrously' in this war, James. Not only have they raised the credit of the race by their bravery in battle, but by their fidelity and truthfulness as guides to the Union army. Our

soldiers have always told me they could trust them when in the enemy's country."

"Yes, they'll see what our people are! They need to say we want of no account; but they'll see, they'll see! The South never'll be taken care of till we have it; we'll take care of it, and we'll defend it, too, for we love it, and we feel a pride in it!"

"Were you born there?" I asked, for his complexion forbids all suspicion of the faintest drop of Caucasian blood.

"Yes, I was born in Charleston, on King street."

"And your father?"

"My father was born in Tennessee, and my grandfather was raised in Virginia. They used to raise slaves for all the South there; 'twas a hot-bed of 'em; but my sister has told me that our great grandfather, or some of his posterity, (James does not own a Webster's Unabridged,) came from the coast of Guinea. But, laws! we don't want to go to Africa; we don't want to be colonized; we wouldn't be contented any more'n you Yankees'd want to be sent to England where your first parents came from."

My mind ran quickly through our Genealogical Record, (for we have one in which the virtues and honors of the family name are duly set forth for the emulation of the descendants, and every hint of base sinister, envious and mental infirmities, are as properly excluded. Thank Heaven! I never heard even a tradition of dishonour among us)—from the first of the family name recorded here, who "came to this land with the apostle Elliot, lived a holy life, went through much affliction by bodily infirmity, and died leaving a good safe (savior) of godliness behind him," down to the present broad-shouldered supporters of the family dignity; and I wondered how we would affiliate with our brethren on the banks of the Avon. Have their minds been able to thread the mazes of American politics? Should we give each other hard raps on the noddle at our first meeting? I looked up at the sky, too; the clouds were scattered, leaving it clear and blue, and I felt no hankering for the drizzling alms of the ocean across the water. Half unconsciously, I repeated the words of the Prophet-Leader of Israel: "Ye shall inherit their land, and I will give it unto you to possess it; a land that floweth with milk and honey. The Lord your God hath given you this land to possess it; ye shall pass over, armed before your brethren—all that are meet for the war!"

(To be continued.)

BEYOND THE LINES: OF A YANKEE PRISONER LOOSE IN Dixie. By Captain J. J. Geer, late of General Buckland's Staff. With an Introduction by Rev. Alexander Clark. Philadelphia: J. W. Daughday, Publisher, 1308 Chestnut Street. 1863.

We gave a favorable notice of this thrilling narrative in our last number. Here is a portion of Chapter IX.

About two o'clock, we ventured to leave the swamp, and strike out for the low hills, and travel through the pines. It was the 20th of June, and a long day to us. We had scarcely entered the pine country, when we saw eight men with guns, on the lookout for us, some of whom we had previously seen on the same errand. We instantly retreated to the swamp, yet not before we were discovered. The dogs were instantly put on our track, and in order to break the scent, we again sought the swamp, and waded in water to our knees. We passed through the densest portions of the brake, where it stood thick and tall, forming, in places, an almost impenetrable wall of stalks, which we carefully avoided behind us. After several hours of this cautious traveling and covering our way, we were obliged to lie down among the swamp palm-leaves for rest. We could distinctly hear the baying of the bloodhounds in search of our track, but we felt pretty well assured they would not be able to follow it. The next morning found us wet and weary, and quite chilled by the dampness of our bed. We thought to make our way out to the pine hills, but had hardly concluded to hazard the attempt, when we again heard the hounds nearer than we were. We then penetrated yet further into the tangled cane-thicket, for it had become a welcome retreat for us. By patient endurance we again baffled our enemies, only, however, to find ourselves threatened with starvation. We tried to catch fish, but failed. We were even unlucky "in our attempts to take frogs from the swill with our hooks. Our forlorn situation can better be imagined than described. Cold, wet, hungry, weak from exposure, heart-sick with disappointments, and, worse than all, pursued as criminals by those who should have befriended us, we were almost ready to despair, and lie down to die of a watery wilderness. From our covert of shade, we watched the sun go down, and felt the quiet night coming on. Oh! dreary evening! sunless, hopeless, comfortless, and dark! My memory haunts me still! But we lost not our confidence in God. We knelt in the black water, and prayed. Daniel had dwelt safely in the den of lions. We were so completely thrown upon the mercy of God, that our faith was stronger than ever. We felt that God was nearer in the shadows than in the sunshine—that in bowing in the water of the swamp to pray, we were nearer to the Infinite Air than in the temple or in the mountain.

We spent the entire day, the 21st of June, in this bog. When night came, we tried again to sleep, but were annoyed by a new enemy—a legion strong—the pestiferous mosquitoes. During the night, our attention was attracted by a sound like the driving of a stake. We arose, and cautiously crept in the direction from which the noise proceeded. To our surprise, we came upon a small corn-field, containing about two acres, surrounded by a rude fence of pine poles. We trembled at the thought of being so near a human habitation; and after pulling a few stalks of the young corn to eat, we hastened into the thicket, and traveled on. The roots of the corn, cleaned and salted, were a treat with a relish. The sound which had arrested our attention proved to be that produced by an insect of the beetle species, and the painful stiffness and soreness of the place served to make it more impressive than it would otherwise have been. The North Star was our only guide; and again we were borne by its uncertain light, we again resumed our journey. We had not traveled far, however, until we became completely bewildered in the cane-brake. The sluggish water spread on every side, the thick cane and underbrush so mingled and commingled, that it was impossible to move in any direction. Again we concluded to tarry for the daylight; and breaking a few cane-stalks, and laying them on the ground near a mossy log, for a bed, we tried to sleep. We were frequently disturbed in the night by prowling animals, but none of them was so terrible to think of as our human pursuers. Judging it best to guard against all surprises from man or beast, we agreed to sleep and stand sentinel alternately until morning. Thus we relieved and rested each other that memorable night.

It was a welcome day-dawn to us. For two hours I had stood guard over Collins, watching the stars mirrored on the smooth waters about our feet, and a glorious sunrise to us that chased the wintry gloom from the bosom of a brother's heart. The sun shone with a brightness that seemed to embrace him as his father.

The fugitives wandered on, enduring almost incredible hardships, till they reached a point within miles of Darien, when they were recaptured, and taken back to Macon.

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Where hardly a human foot would pass, On the quaking turf of the green morass, We crunched in the thick and tangled grass, Like wild beasts in their lair."

In the dark fens of the dismal swamp, The hunted Yankees lay, We saw the fire of the midnight camp, And heard at times the hoarse tramp, And the bloodhounds' distant bay."

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On we pressed, amid the wild voices of the dank cane forest. Our progress was slow. By-and-by, as we came upon a mossy log, we tarried, and tried to rest our aching heads. We soon fell asleep, and awoke at home, at our old